

From the Chicago Journal.

East Tennessee has been loyal to the

of Johnson, Brownlow, and a host of patriots. They have implored for help in vain. Failing to get relief by the advance of the Union army, into the Tennessee valley her true and hardy sons have penetrated the mountain gaps and enlisted under the old banner they love so well. No less than six regiments of East Tennessee refugees have been enrolled in the Federal forces. They are mostly with our armies in Kentucky, eager to avenge their wrongs and redeem their homes from the hands of the traitors. The Union spirit is not yet crushed out of the family circles. The editor of the Henderson *Times* has been travelling through East Tennessee feeling the pulse of the people and making records thereof. He writes:

he confesses that an "unhealthy feeling pervades hundreds," and, he fears, "thousands of families of East Tennessee." He gives the following interview between a Confederate officer and some Unionists under the head of

A PLEASANT FAMILY.

At Powell's river I stopped and engaged more milk of an old Lincolnite jade

"I don't know how many more) rather nice looking gals. She complained to me of being rudely treated by a North Carolina officer the morning previous. Arriving in camp I informed the officer of the old lady's story, and he told me that knowing their political status, he had placed a guard around the house, to keep any of the family from going to the Gap, while our army was crossing the river, and that in the meantime the following conversation took place:

"Officer:—(Entering the house, Good morning ma'am. No answer. Where is your husband, ma'am.

"Old woman:—None of your business, you rebel, you.

"Old woman—Well he is. What are you going to do about it? He is in the First Tennessee Federal Regiment at Cumberland Gap, and will take off your rebel head if you go up there.

Officer—Yes. But we have him and your General Morgan's whole command completely surrounded—hemmed in—with an army on both sides of the Gap and in a few days they will be starved out and have to surrender upon our own terms.

"Old Woman—We know all that, and are easy. But Lincoln will send an army through Kentucky, which will win

out your General Smith just like a do
would lick out a plate, and then you an
your army of barefooted, roasting car
stealers will have to leave here in the
dark again, and badly scared at that.
Besides this,
"Officer—That's your opinion, but
you are deluded. Where were you born
"Old Woman—Born! Why I was born
and raised in Tennessee. I am an Old
Hickory Tennessee—dead out against
nothing else, and I'm head of a

"Old Woman—A South Carolinian—secession of Nullification—double rebel double devil, Old Jackson made your little turnip patch of a State walk the chaise."

"Officer—(Quitting the old lady, and turning to the eldest daughter, whom he recognised as a mother.) Madam, where is your husband?"

"Officer—But it is my business. Where is he?"

"Young Woman—Where is that?
never see him again. Where I hope
you'll soon be.
"Officer—Where is that!
"Young Woman—Why, a prisoner
the hands of the army at the Gap.
"Officer—What is that for?
"Young Woman—For being what you

"Officer—Oh, if that's all, I will send him back to you as soon as we take the Gap.

"Young woman—No, you needn't. Cost if he ever sleeps in my bed again I intend to get some Union man to father this child. Here, Bet feeling a new

"Officer—[Turning to a Miss.] Do you find a beau among the Yankee officers?"

When you become his prisoner, give him my love, and tell him for my sake to put a trace chain around your infernal neck.

Officer—When do you expect to see him again?

"Miss—Just after your General takes the next 'big scar,' which will be

Cotton in Kansas has ripened perfectly this year, producing a heavy crop.

not grown by the aid of slave labor.